



*Epaulet*

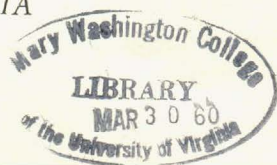
# *Mary Washington College*

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"HORSES"

PAULA CROSBY '62

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# SONNET

*Alice Schneider '61*

## III

Again, upon a fine bright walk of sand  
Met gently at our feet by evening tide,  
Hushed, we watch fair shadows take the land,  
Circling the white gull's careless glide.  
A graceful death and birth against the sea  
Have freed our dreams and spread them on the shore;  
The broken waves caress them artlessly,  
Asking that we hide ourselves no more.  
The occupations of our separate days  
Cloak all—frail hopes and needs—from sense's sight,  
Till hurriedly we leave our several ways  
To find one path before the tides of night,  
To say our song against the wind's refrain  
And free our dreams that we may dream again.

## IV

On courts of gold and white the children play,  
By lutes and chords of gold the children sing.  
And games and songs to summer fields they bring,  
With careless chains of laughter, keep the day.  
While silky clouds are all their Dream commands,  
And tuneful chants are all the children say,  
A King's Fool by the woven courtyard stands,  
To learn to charm unsummoned hours away.  
Costumed and painted, undisguised he waits  
While centuries cloud by. A fashioned frown  
Makes wise the foolish smile. By courtyard gates  
Are left the garish tricks of king and clown.  
And carelessly the children's children play,  
With silky dreams of laughter, keep the day.

## SATURDAY NIGHT

*Ann Monroe Stinchcomb '60*

picture screens of Saturday nites  
gleam with oils: red and sea.  
beating music underneath and behind  
this visited screen buoys me up  
and floating, I feel the sea merge with  
the sky and I.

It was almost dark outside now; as the birds twittered incessantly, getting in their last comments for the day, the first fire-flies of the night tested their lights and blinked them on and off in a warning signal of approaching blackness. The doll standing on the small table in the corner stood out eerily in the dimness, its china face almost seeming to shine from within. Also strangely lit were the hands, holding a real fan on a black cord; the rest—the high-necked silk dress with its short train and the high-topped black shoes, the real silk stockings topped by infinitesimal garters—were shadowed. But the child knew, without even looking, every detail of the doll; in fact, one might even have said that the real doll was in her mind now, and that the one standing on the table only served to affirm it.

The child turned flat on her back and lay staring at the ceiling. There was someone in the living room.

"I tell *you*—it has simply upset everyone. As feeble-looking as *she* is it's the last thing we ever expected, for *him* to be the first. Now they tell me that she's well-fixed and won't have a thing to worry about, but *you know*, they have no relatives anywhere around, and at her age she shouldn't . . ."

She had been sitting by the pond, playing jacks with the little girl down the street, a child three years her senior and who professed to have much more than three years' worth of superiority. She had been winning, and the older girl, having grown increasingly restless, had jumped up, stalked back and forth in thought, and finally hit upon an inspiration.

"See that house?"

"So?"

"Do you know those two old people?"

"Sure, I know 'em." They were, in fact, an integral part of her life: they were helping her parents to raise

her by telling her that people with flaxen hair like hers had to be especially careful to be good because they were akin to the angels, and that it was quite, quite wicked and wrong to write with one's left hand.

"No, I mean do you really know about them?"

She nodded uncertainly.

"Then of course you know that they are both witches?"

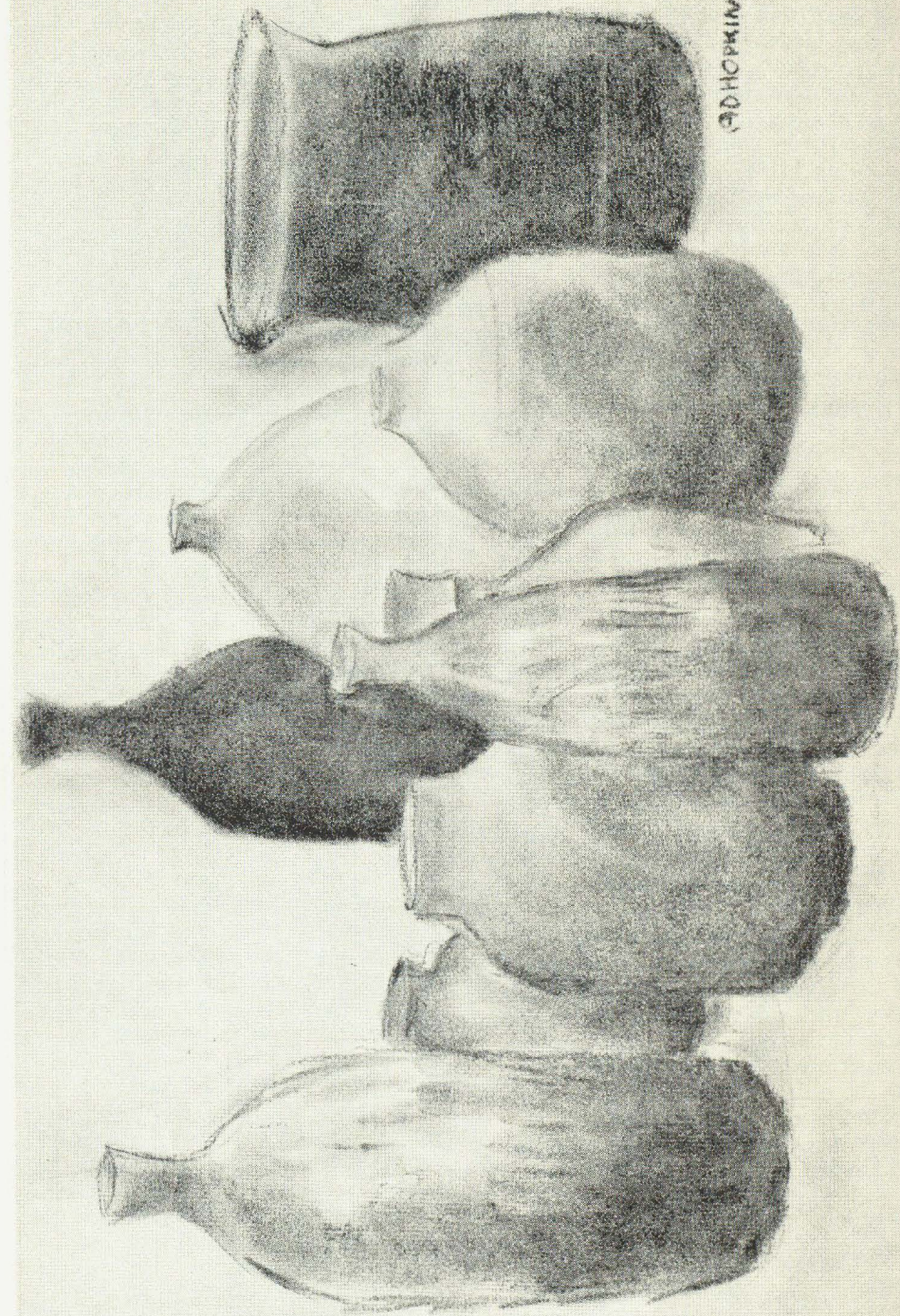
It was too late to back down now; she nodded again, her eyes on the little pile of jacks beside her foot. "But . . . how can a man be a witch?"

"He just is one, silly! Why do you suppose they're always mumbling the way they do? They're saying the Lord's Prayer backwards, and everybody knows that's how a witch throws a hex. And that's not all, either. They say that nobody has ever been inside their house. But at night—after it's dark, their house never has a light on. Except a glimmer once in a while, past the windows. And *he* comes right to this very pond all the time . . . And just stands."

She sat frozen for several seconds, her mind racing over previous incidents connected with the couple. Yes! They did mumble! Not when they were together, but just when one of them was walking alone. They were always doing that. And the time she had gone to take some aspirin to the woman from her mother, and had pressed her nose to the screen trying to see inside before the woman came to the door and said, "Nice little girls don't look in people's houses." It had been very dark, and there had been several mysterious black shapes in the room. When she had seen in the hall mirror at home the black criss-cross on the end of her nose, she had felt as if some of the house's gloom had rubbed off on her.

Fascinated, chilled, the child stared at the brown stucco house, which was wrinkled like their faces. There  
(Continued on Page 20)







# A July Afternoon

Carlota Muse '60

My grandmother's house has a porch where I like to play in the summertime. A short flight of steps leads to it through her slanting garden. Morning glory vines cover the trellises at either side, making it like a cool green aquarium. The front is open and faces Center Street so I can look out and watch the people who pass by, although not many do because Ashton is quiet on summer afternoons. Nothing much ever happens here. Sometimes I bring a pile of books to read (I have the whole *Book of Knowledge* set), and sometimes I bring games and coloring things. Yesterday I was playing jacks for awhile, but Grandmother doesn't like me to do this because she says it scratches the floor.

Across the street Old Sam was cutting the Davis's hedge. He's the colored man who does chores for various families around town. He'll plant your garden, put in screens and storm windows or rake leaves. I often see him at the Davis's because they like a very neat yard. On either side of the front door they have an umbrella tree, the most perfectly round umbrella trees I've ever seen. Their hedge is stiff like a hairbrush. Not a stray bit sticks out anywhere. Yesterday I could hear the clip-clip-clip of Sam's shears as he made certain no twig could show the slightest personality.

Two barefoot colored kids with ice cream cones walked by, and I stopped playing to watch them. One was a girl about my age and the other, her little brother. He turned his cone upside down and licked the creamy ball from the bottom. He was only about three so perhaps he didn't know any better. Right in front of grandmother's walk the ice cream fell from the cone and made a pink puddle on the sidewalk. He

crouched down and would have put his hands in it if his sister hadn't grabbed him. "Why you be so foolish? See, you done dropped your ice cream," she scolded, just as if she were his mother.

Across the street Sam was still clipping. It was mighty hot out there so he'd spread a white handkerchief over his head to keep off the sun.

It's boring to sit in one place all afternoon, so I walked slowly down the steps, past the next-door filling station and across the street to John Bell's store. I picked a bottle of Tru Ade from the cooler, then looked for Mr. Bell to give him my money. I didn't see him at first because it's always dim in there. He was sitting in the back with some other men on huge bags of seeds. They were talking about the fair that's going to be in August) but very slowly as if they had a hundred years to say what they wanted to say.



A big dog lay outside under the awning, flattened against the sidewalk as much as a dog can be. A couple of flies buzzed round his head, but he was too hot even to twitch his ears. The men at the filling station sat in shady places drinking cokes. I guess Sam was about the busiest person in Ashton yesterday afternoon.

Back on the porch I took out my coloring book and the cake tin where I keep my crayons. I lay on the floor because the wood felt cool to my legs. I'd colored the "Cinderella" picture, the "Jack in the Beanstalk"

one and "The Sleeping Beauty" when I noticed the clipping sound had stopped. "Sam must have gone in for a glass of water," I thought and began on "Snow White."

Just then, Mrs. Davis stepped out the door hollering, "Sam! Sam! where are you, Sam?" She ran to the hedge (she's sort of big and runs with little jerks and pants), stooped down behind it, heaved herself up again and puffed back to the house. Her husband came out with her next, and they both stooped and looked. By this time I'd forgotten my coloring book and had climbed on the first ledge of the railing to have a better view, but I couldn't see what was close to the hedge on the other side.

From the middle of town the wail of a siren and afterwards an ambulance cut down Center Street. When it stopped in front of the Davis's I climbed right to the top of the railing. The doctor and two men from the rescue squad bent over a heap on the other side of the shrubbery. I knew the heap was Sam. The filling station

men moved from the shade to the bright sunshine by the hedge, and Mr. Bell and the people in his store stood under the awning to see what was happening. A red-headed boy on a bicycle screeched to a stop before the hedge and peered over it. When all the extra people went away Grandmother crossed the street to see Mrs. Davis. It seems that Old Sam dropped dead—just like that. Probably the sun and his heart.

I didn't play or even read after this. Creaking back and forth on the porch swing, I could only think. I remembered a picture I'd seen on the cardboard fans they give us at church in the summertime. It's a picture of lilies and a rocky tomb with the risen Lord in front. It seemed to me that Grandmother and I and my friends were all on this side of the picture. But just this afternoon while I was coloring on the porch and the men in the filling station were drinking cokes and Mr. Bell was talking with his friends, Old Sam in the yard across the street stepped right through to the other side.

## *Il Sonno*

*Linda Morgan '62*

Il sonno  
viene piano piano.  
come piombo;  
gli occhi, tenuti  
aperti troppo  
lungo,  
riposano:  
e sono  
pieni di grazie.

sleep  
comes slowly.  
as lead;  
the eyes, held  
open too long,  
rest:  
and are  
thankful.



# Flight

Ruth Cochran Catlin '63

Ruth Cochran Catlin '63

So this be my life

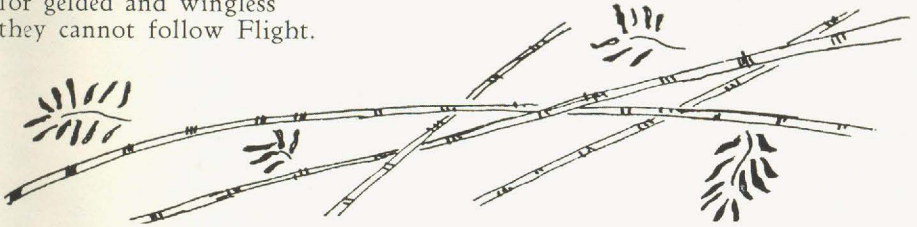
I cannot call it back  
though the raven's overshadowed  
and the rein is drawn slack.

Pegasus wears wings;  
at his heel bays the pack  
unleashed, not yet released  
they grasp but at his track.

They chase but the shadow  
and wait for him to light  
for gelded and wingless  
they cannot follow Flight.

Inside looking out  
my life's a window picture.  
think I once—ponder,  
do I then—  
die I some.

The pane is fogged  
by baited and passing breaths  
to clear soon clearer still  
to watch the pictures fade.



# Repaire

Timmi Pierce '62

now the sands hang down heavy and the ballast is too much  
black spectres flutter weary over sorrow steeped minds  
that once played high tag in a melon patch  
and walked across the moonpath upon high water  
and listened to the loon lulling lonely, lonely love

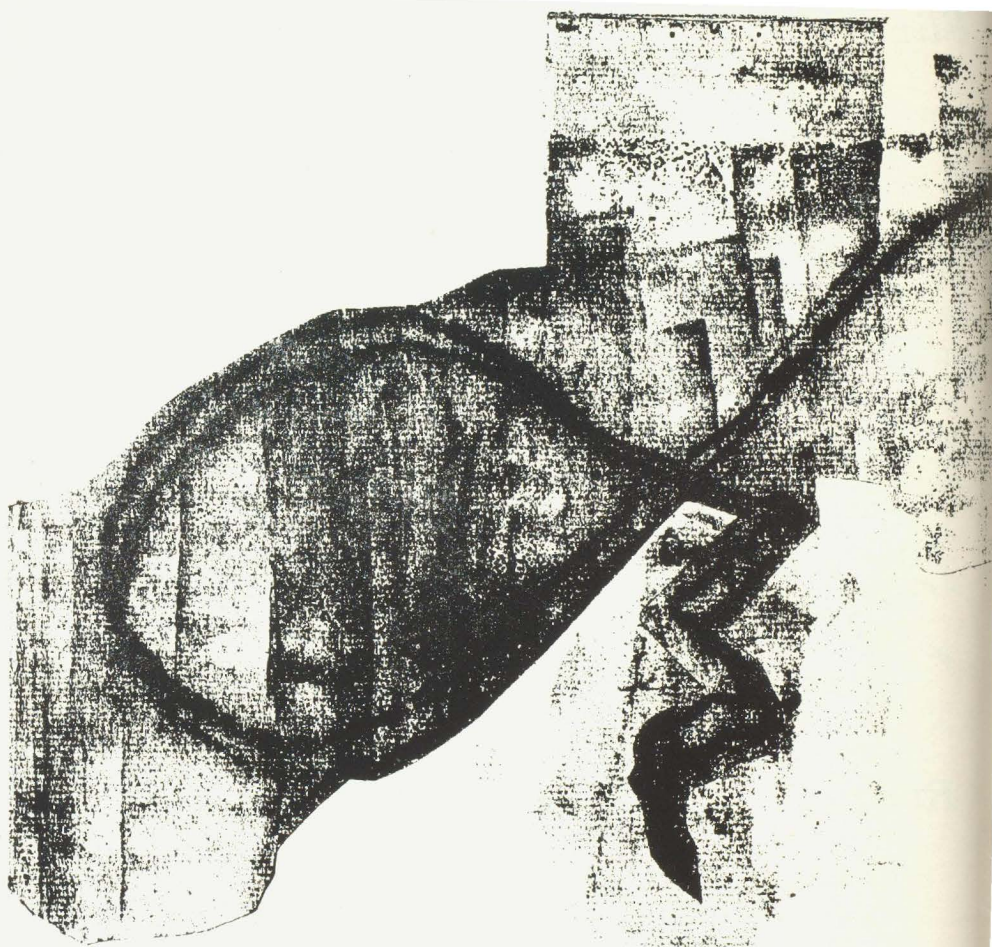
all this once was and shall never be again  
the time ticks late to the big brass band  
and a firefly dies in a silver sanded jar  
the rain comes down on a black tar river  
and tiptoes on the lawn by av'nue light  
and train tracks tell true tales of woe

all this once was and must never be again  
since the sunlight spilled on silky snowdrifts  
and lit a bright bonfire of red-gold love  
and summer bowed to autumn and autumn to the chill  
till winter sat down darkly on a cord of wood

all this once was and shall never be again  
for spring whispered gently to no one everywhere  
and no one took the message to a heart  
and a heart learned that bonfires burning on snowdrifts  
die out with cold ashes from too wet wood

all this once was and must forever be





## RIMAS

*Becky Blevins '62 (Translator)*

Los invisibles atomos del aire  
en derredor palpitan y se inflaman;  
el cielo se deshace en rayos de oro;  
la tierra se estremece alborozada;  
oigo flotando en olas de armonía  
rumor de besos y batir de alas;  
mis parpados se cierran . . . que sucede?  
—es el amor que pasa!

*By Gustavo Adolfo Becquer*

## A RHYME

The unseen atoms of the air  
Throb and take fire round about;  
The sky's consumed in rays of gold;  
The earth, exhilarated, trembles;  
I hear in waves of harmony  
The murmur of kisses and beating of wings;  
My eyelids close . . . Oh what has happened?  
—It's only Love that's passing!





# Natalie S. Robins

*The following poems are selections from a volume of poetry to be entitled "wild lace," which the poet hopes to have published upon completion.*

## wild lace

wrap the summer's cool wing  
and reach the water's end alone.  
walk through the rain and smell the frozen harp.  
the rail of sudden design clings to a fragment of wing.  
take the hand and find the street of summer's past,  
take the smile  
but leave the breast of morning air.  
walk to the road and close the damp sun,  
leave the dance of rain.  
ahead,  
as gilded snow:  
the noon of winter's embryo.

## The Bridge

crossings-fly the time of way,  
the redflinted water hides the sounded  
bead of reflection.  
treadings bare a Stonepath.  
sand will not hold the iron hand  
away from the bridge's eye,  
the Post-of-Dusk slides as a newgrained waif.  
a stopping arch reminds the way to night,  
as if it will force the mound remembering.  
alone with sea, between a mountain-ice  
the bridge forgets.  
oceaned apart from faces of rail,  
the water's flock departs a sage.  
tasting rhythm's wet, a hush commands.



## the laughing boy

the storm-burned dike formed a hand-of-sea,  
and lifted its ridge to the other land,  
nearby.  
arid with petalsofsand,  
the watch began its ride across the waters,  
and found the last returning word.  
the laughing boy stood still.  
a wave of stage, a drowning curve,  
beyond, my boy stood still.  
the river's phrase brought chainsofsand,  
the rope of one day's tear.  
away, the boy stood still.  
the greying mast appears no more,  
the sign of word regained.  
beyond the day,  
a boy, with tears,  
stands holding sand's first rose.

## I sculpture the dark

The harbored time of open water,  
the Fall of birth.  
hidden beyond the river-shelves,  
the browcast lark sees my face,  
and runs the force of storms.  
the now departed cast revives a face of calls  
yet no where seen,  
it forms the river's night.

## in Praise to Dylan

a world of Star and sun land,  
reached before the rainhead.  
winthroated muse, the house  
I watch-in-fleece.  
now, the paindrop of a poem to live by.  
a world the bridge upon,  
his solitary mine.  
sent goals while finding an own remaining Bow.  
a pitted space remembered,  
loved, and lost  
combining mount to laughter's cave,  
the land releasing praise.

*Writing with an impulsive rather than a systematic plan, I have to this date produced only a fragmentary collection of unfinished episodes. Since my immediate problem involves narrative viewpoint and style rather than plot structure, I shall probably not develop completed chapters until I have almost finished the novel. The second section, which I have labeled Patricia's fantasy narrative, does not occur until the little girl is at least nine or ten years old. In the opening chapters, she is only six.*

## Pat Berhman '60

### FRAGMENT 1

Twenty yards down the road from the bricked building called Mudrock's, just as the curve leaned to the right, and began to straighten, there was a huge brown frame house perched on a steep hill. In an almost lost attempt, a crumbled retaining wall held the yard from sprawling across the road. A few feet back, the sunken porch reflected the condition of the wall, appearing as though it were in constant strife to pull the remainder of the house over the bank and unto the road. A mangy splotched yard of hard clay and dull grass chameleoned the faded walls of the shingled house. Numerous objects were scattered over the grass, some almost hidden by dead leaves. There was an old bath tub with lion legs, and no place for the water to go but through a little stub of a pipe, an appendix of what used to be. By the back steps, a pulpy clump of mildewed magazines and newspapers formed a soggy cushion which never seemed to dry. An old rusted oil barrel from Drew's stood in the side yard and occasionally functioned as an incinerator when the garbage cans were full. Broken bottles with mold growing in clumps

along the bottom and squashed beer cans added a final touch.

Mildred Banke was just waking. The sun had finally reached her eyes, annoying her enough to wake up. She had been grumbling in her sleep all morning, the damn brats have mouths like hog callers. Her head ached, her stomach ached and she felt rotten all over. Rolling over to Bart's side, she felt the dirty sheet and decided to change them since they might stay clean for the rest of the week. With caked feet, she pushed the sheets back and fumbled out of bed. She picked her dress up off the floor, pulling it over her naked body. A sleeve caught and ripped, making her curse. She felt a trickle of blood on her leg and began to grumble more. By the time she reached the kitchen her nerves were finished. She locked the back door and flicked on the radio. When she lifted the lid from the coffee pot and saw that Bart had taken the last cup, she cursed again. She called Mary and Patricia and told them to run to Grimes' for a pound of coffee. And you're to stay the hell out of the house today. By the time the kids got back, she had made four peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and handed them to Mary through the door which she re-locked.

On days when Milly was in a bad mood, we weren't allowed to go in the house until right before Mr. Banke came home from Drew's. The first time it happened, Joan and I cried and Milly got madder. But Mary and Ethel didn't mind at all when she gave us jelly and peanut butter sandwiches to eat on the porch. Even if we got thirsty we couldn't go in the house because the door was locked. Milly told us if we said anything to Mom she would beat us. So we never did. Mary and Ethel laughed and called us sissies, when we cried the first time, but after that we didn't cry anymore and we were always glad when Milly got in a good mood.

Mom brought us to live at Milly's house about a month ago and it really isn't bad, because we already knew Mary and Ethel. When Joan and I



lived with Mom in Mr. Mudrock's building, we always used to play with Mary and Ethel every day because they just lived down the street. Even now we go play at Mr. Mudrock's, especially by the river.

Mom comes to see us sometimes in the afternoon before she goes to work. And a lot of times she brings us a new coloring book. The last one was a Dale Evans and Roy Rogers book but Mary left it outside and it rained. So we all hope Mom will bring us a new one soon. And this time Joan and I said Mary can't color in it, but Mary always does what she wants to anyway because she's the biggest. So I guess she'll color in it after all.

Joan and I always liked Sunday best when we lived at Milly's, because then Mom and Aunt Jan would drive down and get us and we'd go up to Aunt Jan's house in Boonton. It was more fun to play with Bobbie and Orman because they were much nicer than Mary and Ethel. And Uncle Bill always made us laugh. He had a big nose, so I called him Parrot Nose. He would always laugh and let me sit in his lap and sometimes he gave me a whole fifty cents, not just in nickels and dimes, but a whole one. So Joan and I always waited for Sundays and already the day after tomorrow was almost here.

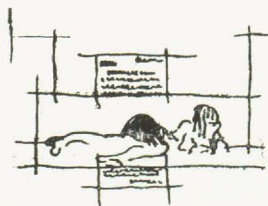
## FRAGMENT 2

In a green morning of only yellow honeysuckles when the goats were quiet but their smell forgot to sleep and told me they were still there, I carried Grandma's clothes down the hill. No one saw me or knew. I climbed the only rock and leaned over a very small pool of clear water, forgetting to see if there was a bottom. I felt myself stretch as I reached for the line which was not there yesterday and was not there when I looked again tomorrow. The snake must have watched me and when I saw him in the pool next to my rock, I was

not afraid because it was such a green morning. And although I do not know, I did go to the pool for other mornings and hang Grandma's clothes while the snake watched me and I watched him. And the house was still sleepy.

King of my hearts, the fairies are here and the rag-muffin prince on the summer swing. We'll sit and we'll watch the dogs in the sky and squeak to the world of pine tree tops. With black stained hands of the pirate boy we'll climb the mast of the walking boughs and see our land laughing in a windy sun. We'll come to the shore of grassy waves and run to the hut of rocks and grain to remember the horses we left in the barn and hear Grandma call us to the poppy porch. King of the fairies kiss my hand and I'll be your queen, for Joan and Jean will play our slaves. But run, oh run, my king, for the mean old witch from her castle calls and if she's in a good mood we might even tell her where we've been.

It's a Chino world Grandma cried. So we ran to the window and saw the world, our Chino rolling in the snow and smiling with his laughing eyes. Hello, hello Chino we banged on the frosty glass but he was so happy he did not see. We'll jump in our suits and join your world and then you'll look and then we'll roll in your world of laughing snow. Hurry, Peter, call Jean and Joan, we'll play eskimos on the Big Hill! Hurry Peter, it's time to go before Chino rolls away the snow. Hurry Peter, bring your gloves! Grandma, grandma, get Peter some socks, he's lost his gloves! Come on, come on, Chino we're coming, wait for us and save some snow!





# Pottery

## *A New Expression*

ELAINE FREEDMAN, '60

The "pot shop" has become a new expression in Mary Washington vocabulary. The art department at the college has been flourishing for many years, and, since 1958, it has boasted of a new development in its art training—pottery. The school had formerly possessed some facilities for work in ceramics, but the field was underdeveloped. With the coming of a young potter, Miss Joan Orloff, a new interest in pottery began. The department has obtained four new wheels, two motors, and is trying to get a gas kiln. Last year a group of five students began their experiments with clay. Of five, four have continued their studies and have become quite proficient in their work. Gradually, more students have become interested in pottery, and the number of students in the classes is now twenty-three.

Joan Orloff is a young woman who has made pottery her life. She attended New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred University. She also obtained a scholarship to study in California under Marguerite Wildenhain, one of the foremost American potters who studied at Bauhaus. Miss Orloff has a show in the duPont Galleries during the month of March and is showing also at the Studio Art Shop in Alexandria, Virginia from February 26 to March 26. The Epaulet extends kudos to Joan Orloff for her contribution to pottery at Mary Washington.

To someone who is totally unfamiliar with pottery, the process seems quite baffling. The stranger submerges her hands in the clay. She "wedges" or rolls the clay on a flat surface in order to rid the clay body of air bubbles. Then the stranger sits at the wheel which is a completely new contraption to her. She kicks a large wheel at the bottom which causes a small wheel at the top to revolve. The clay is placed on the small, revolving wheel, and then the struggle to shape the clay into a symmetrical, artistic form begins. After weeks of practice and hard work, she finds that she has attained the ability to "throw" or make a cylinder. She has gained control of the clay and is a stranger no more. The magic intrigue of pottery has come to her, and she feels that "she has wings." (quote Miss Orloff).

After the pot, which has been thrown on the wheel, has dried it is put into the kiln to be baked for about eight hours at a high temperature. After the first firing, the pot is bisqued or white, but still lacks glaze. Glaze is a liquid which, when heated, actually fuses to the body material providing a hard, glass covering on the surface. After glazing, the pot is subjected to a second firing which takes about twenty-four hours. Then the kiln is opened, and the finished product is removed, ready for use.

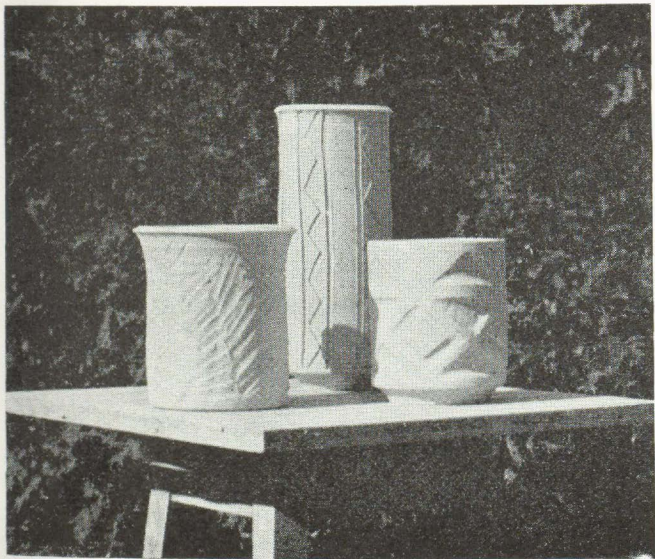
The students have a number of projects which they must complete for their courses. During the first semester, the first year student is required to make six cylinders. These cylinders are usually a set of drinking glasses. They must also do some hand-building with the clay. The student designs a mold out of clay, covers the mold with burlap, and builds a form in the shape of that mold. The second-year student is required to make six, footed bowls and two, twelve-inch, decorated cylinders. The more advanced student may use a red clay for hand-building. She must also make an anthropomorphic form. During the second

(Continued on Page 18)



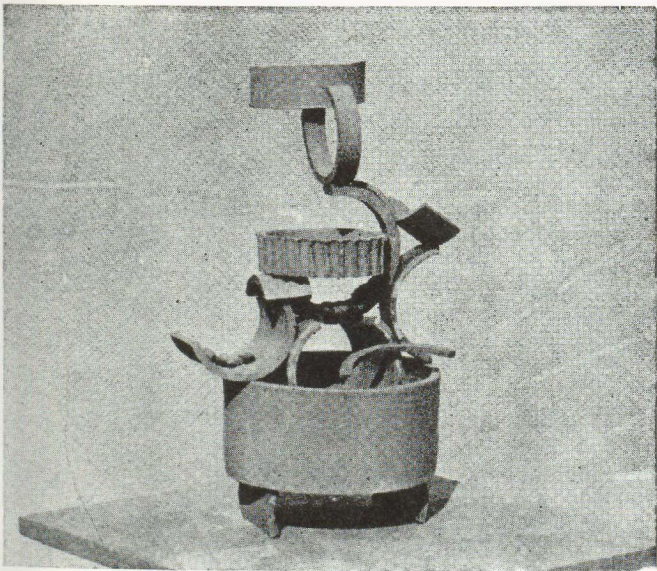


*Planter, hand-built in red clay by Jeanette Meyer*





*Decorated cylinders in bisque -----Marty Farmer,  
Patty Moffitt, Judy White*



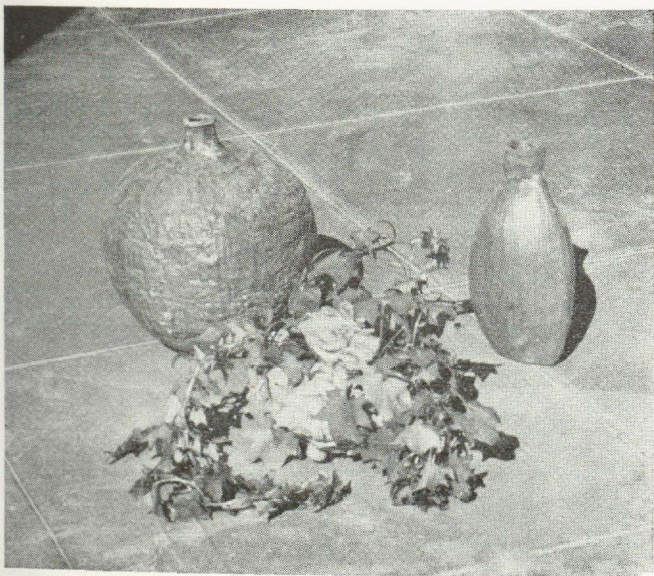


*Sculpture* ----- *Miss Joan Orloff*





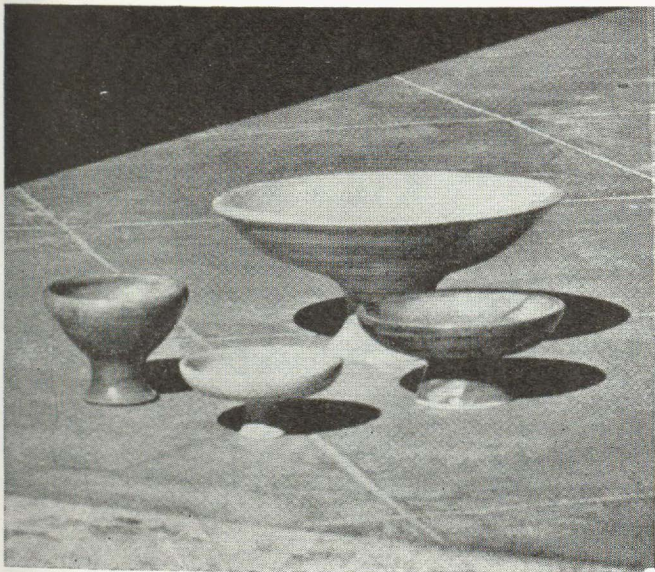
*Hump-mold form* ----- *Sue Hilton*  
*Anthropomorphic form* ----- *Marty Farmer*  
*Footed bowl* ----- *Marty Farmer*



*Hump mold forms*

*Large Jug* ----- *Judy Youngman*  
*Planter* ----- *Lynn Murphy*  
*Small Jug* ----- *Elaine Freedman*





*Footed Bowls ----- Marty Farmer,  
Judy White, Patty Moffitt, Jeanette Meyer*



Monk ----- Judy Youngman  
Six cylinders ----- Elaine Freedman



(Pottery Cont. from Page 16)  
semester, the first-year student is required to complete five lidded jars, three bellied pitchers, and a three-dimensional wall sculpture. The more advanced students make a tea set and

some platters. Besides the required projects, the students do a great deal of work on projects of their own choice. The pictures will illustrate the results of the work completed during the first semester of 1959-60.

## ON PURSUING PRETZELS—WITH APOLOGIES TO SOME BUT VERY FEW\*

D. L.

ONCE, IN THE LAND OF OOZE,  
THERE WAS A PLACE CALLED  
NEVER-NEVER,  
A WOODEN SEAT OF LEARNING.  
AND THE ANTS OF OUR TALE  
GOT SPLINTERS  
WHILE THE SABLED MOTHS OF OUR FABLE  
MURMURED *never never*  
WITH A SILENT SNORE.  
WHEN SUDDENLY A SPECTRE,  
A BURNING BUSH PERHAPS,  
RAISED A BLISTER ON THE DOOR  
SAYING WITH A CHIDING CHIDE  
    You know how little while you have to stay,  
    and, once departed, may return no more.  
SPLINTERED, NOW BLISTERED ANTS  
ADD

    Awake, you multi-colored fools.  
AND REACH FOR  
BANDAIDS.  
MOTH-EATEN PRETZELS SPAT OUT.

    For tomorrow, fit them together.  
    (If you can).  
DOES A SNEER, PERCHANCE, ECHO  
ABOVE A  
SILENT SNORE?  
THE ASSIGNMENT IS NOT DONE.  
MOTHS, COLORS  
OOZING  
DOWN THEIR BACKS PROCLAIMING  
DOUBTFUL GLORY,  
ARE NOT INSPIRING.  
ANTS, BANDAGED, PLASTERED AT TIMES,  
ARE NOT  
INSPIRED.  
YET.

\*Omar, for one.

## *the open grave (an allegory)*

"Jill Alanatev" '60

"The treasure of a fallen sea  
entombs all shores to be", thought Manton as he settled his  
craft along the rocky cove. He had espied this "symmetrical retreat"  
(as he referred to it later) from quite a distance away, and he  
decided he would journey towards this sight of repose before  
heading towards his home bank. His boat slid easily into the side  
of the island's embankment, and the apish water seemed to rush to  
the security of his boat's wooden frame.

... *the treasure of a fallen sea*  
*entombs all shores to be ... the mind of island oneness ...*  
*the tide ... verse damns trip ... must rest the open grave ...*

Manton left his boat against a clump of grey-yellow stones,  
and he walked towards the center (or what he thought was the center)  
of his island (he already considered it his personal possession). He  
looked towards one lone blackbird he spied upon the branch of a  
pale bush. The bird sauntered gleefully in and out of the bush,  
and it seemed to sense that an audience was in sight.

... *blackbirdpie at home now ... feathered idols in the*  
*street ... tall short idolic sculptures ... homey pie to forget ...*  
*... the sky reddens ... red black color love red robe royal robe ...*  
*soft ground ... damn shoe stains ... no feathered idol, I won't forget ...*

Manton stared briefly around him, now ignoring the bird. He  
suddenly decided to walk towards a broad area, which appeared to  
be filled with gravel-colored briars. He silently approached the  
sight (not noticing that the bird had followed him) and he began  
to utter sounds aloud:

"sounds of sound of sound of sounds."

The city's open grave he came upon.



(Continued from Page 5)

was no one in sight. The older girl began to stare in turn, but not at the house. "I—I have togohometo dinner!" she gasped, and ran, calling over her shoulder, "I didn't know you were such a scaredy-cat!"

The summer had worn on. The fear grew more pronounced, and kept returning like the taste of hastily-eaten cucumbers in the afternoon. Crouching behind the forsythia bush, she would see *him*, swinging his cane at weeds along the sidewalk and mumbling incessantly, and it sounded once exactly like "ameneverforglory." A chill jangled, almost audible, down her spine. Had he seen her? Was it for her? Once she dreamed that she was running down an endless black-topped highway, fleeing blindly from a tall man with a cane that tap-tapped along the pavement and a black cloak that rustled on the wind like the wings of a huge, predatory bird. She awoke, a scream on her lips, to find the wind blowing through the room, rattling the window panes, and her mother, nightgown-clad, spreading a blanket over her, a blanket that rustled on the wind like the wings of a huge, predatory bird . . .

The afternoon. Had it been only yesterday. In her small mind it was both years ago and only a few minutes past. She was returning from a friend's house where she had gone to display her birthday present, the china doll such as no one else had, when she realized where she was. Without thinking, she had taken the short-cut through the woods that led by the pond. Could she go back? It was too late, because it was so far back to the beginning of the woods, and if she kept on by the pond, she would be out in a minute. Her legs weak, she started quickly toward the pond, only to be frozen in her tracks by a scratching sound on the bank. Even before she forced her eyes toward the source of the sound, even as she prayed that it would be only a squirrel or a dog or even a snake, she knew that it would be he. But no preparedness on her part could have

saved her the heart-stopping of seeing him there, half-creeping up the bank, his face oddly twisted, and holding out a hand to her . . .

The only thing that had kept her from sinking to the ground in fright, the one thing that had given her the strength to run with all her child's fury, was the doll that stood now on the table in the corner. She could not let anything happen to it, not if it meant defying every shadow and strange noise in the world. She turned her head to look over at it, standing on the table. Its glowing face smiled at her as if they shared a secret. And indeed they did. On returning to the house she had stumbled wearily into her room and told no one of what had happened, no, not even when her father had felt her forehead. The voices drifted to her again.

"And of course he shouldn't have been out alone, like that. He's had two strokes before, and the second one was almost too much for him. Stumbling down the bank like that, I guess he was really frightened. He must have spent a long time trying to get back up onto the ground. They say when they found him, yes . . . poor fellow . . . he was almost all the way into the water with one hand reaching up . . . I know, oooh. It's just too awful to talk . . ."

She crouched on her elbows and knees on the bed. She looked over again at the doll, as if for comment, for reassurance. But the doll's face was still shining secretly in the fading light. Had its mouth moved?

Quickly she jumped up, took her short jacket out of the closet and threw it over her thin cotton pajamas. By this time she felt dizzy and had to grasp the edge of the bed for support as she sought her slippers. Holding the doll in both hands, she turned its face to the light. There was no doubt in her mind, now.

Getting out of the back door was easy, and so was finding the small path that led into the woods. After that it was a little hard to stay on the path, but glancing first at the gaps in the bushes, then looking more



closely for the faint indication of dirt packed tightly at her feet, she was soon there. All was quiet—not a rustle of leaves or a single scuffling along the ground. She knew that she was awaited. At the edge of the pond, she stood and hesitated for only a moment, looking at her most prized possession in the dim moonlight.

Then she looked down, and far, far beneath the whitely-gleaming water, white hand-shapes were held out for what she knew they would demand. She heard a rustle of silk, a heavy splash, and saw the receding soles of two high-topped black shoes.

"Don't," said the child, and fled. She could have sworn that, just at the surface of the water, she had seen a small trail of bubbles.



BABY BIRDS JUDY YOUNGMAN, 61

## "THE CRANES ARE FLYING"

*Reviewed by*

*Mika Bergman '60*

"The Cranes Are Flying," the first Soviet film to reach American movie theaters under the new cultural exchange program, has left a mixed impression upon the American audience.

One of the main impressions is the originality of the plot. For years the Soviet movie industry has been producing movies—aside from a few "art" reels—based on the charming story of "boy meets girl on tractor and falls in love with the tractor" or the equally edifying situation, "girl loves boy but loves the Party better!" The typical concluding scene shows the young couple on a balcony in a "romantic clinch" (holding hands) and singing about the glorious tractor station or the new record in production.

Compared with these topics, the plot of "The Cranes Are Flying" is startling. The story concerns a young girl whose fiance leaves for war; she loses her parents in a raid, and

then betrays her fiance by marrying his no-good cousin. After leaving her husband, she discovers that her ex-fiance is dead.

The movie is sprinkled with cliches and episodes amusing to Hollywood trained audiences. The no-good husband, for instance, a draft dodger, wants to compose a concert. He becomes involved with a wild theatrical crowd, led by an actress endowed with the figure, face and glamour of Ernest Borgnine.

The ingenue is far more fresh and and realistic as "the girl next door" than her American counterpart—probably due to unfamiliarity with tweezers, eye shadow, and girdles.

The movie will appeal to anyone willing to pay the admission price, either as a tear jerker, or as a curiosity piece representing life of the middle to upper Soviet classes.

ALLEGRO

# SONATINA FIRST MOVEMENT

MARILLA MATTOX '60

Handwritten musical score for the first system of the Sonatina First Movement. It features a treble and bass staff with a 2/4 time signature, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The music consists of a melody in the treble and a supporting accompaniment in the bass.

Handwritten musical score for the second system of the Sonatina First Movement. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the 2/4 time signature and F# key signature.

Handwritten musical score for the third system of the Sonatina First Movement. This system includes a repeat sign and concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation remains consistent with the previous systems.



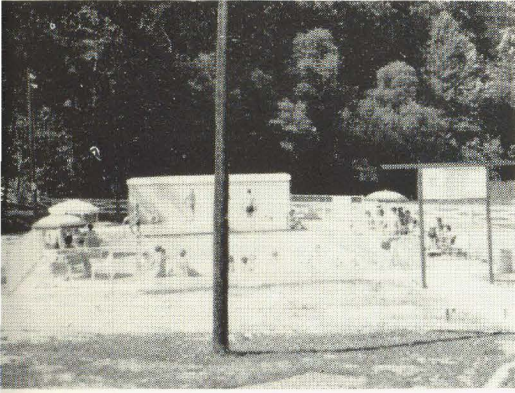
Handwritten musical score for the first system. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains several measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains several measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes. A dynamic marking *f* is present in the bass staff. A tempo marking *allegro* is written above the treble staff. A *RIT.* (Ritardando) marking is written above the treble staff, with a wedge indicating a gradual deceleration.

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains several measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains several measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes. A dynamic marking *f* is present in the bass staff. A *RIT.* (Ritardando) marking is written above the treble staff, with a wedge indicating a gradual deceleration.

Handwritten musical score for the third system. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains several measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains several measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes. A dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo) is present in the bass staff. A *dim.* (diminuendo) marking is written above the treble staff, with a wedge indicating a gradual decrease in volume. A *RIT.* (Ritardando) marking is written above the treble staff, with a wedge indicating a gradual deceleration.







**FOR A SWIM**



**FOR A SQUARE**



**FOR A PICNIC**

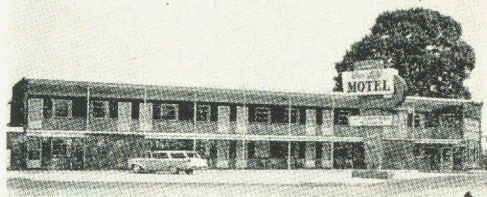
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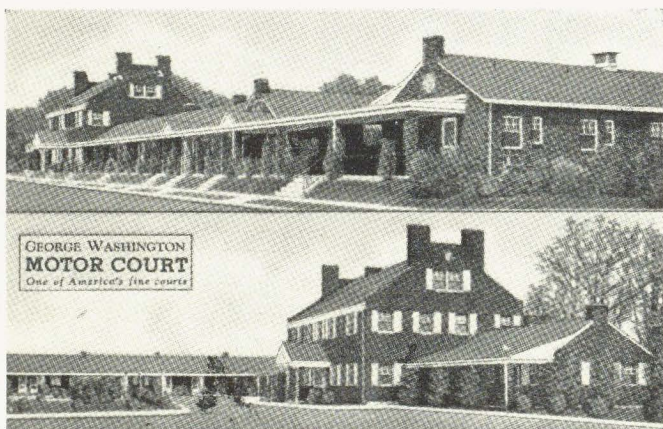
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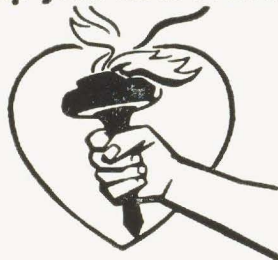
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